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For H. A. B—
from E. S. H.S.
February—1936—

A Walk to Horace's Farm

FONTE BELLO

A WALK TO HORACE'S FARM

BY

E. K. RAND

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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QVONDAM · FECERVNT

SACRVM

PREFACE

THIS account of a walk to Horace's Sabine Farm, or rather two walks — or rather three, counting as third the one to which I would invite the reader — is naturally not intended to present all the facts or to discuss all the problems to which ancient argument and recent excavation have given rise. For those the reader can turn to what will long remain the standard work on the subject, Professor Lugli's *La Villa Sabina di Orazio* in the *Monumenti Antichi* for 1926. It is rash to prophesy that the spade will yield nothing more, but it is safe to say that, thanks to the archæologist, the valley of the Digentia has already told most of its story. It is therefore an appropriate moment in which to pause and to review. My own impressions at the moment are revived from a walk that I took to the farm, with certain friends, in February, 1913. With Lugli's help and the help of a little imagination, I can, with my readers, now take the walk again. For though many interesting details have been cleared up by the excavation since that time, nothing has essentially changed the picture that we saw.

To take this walk with understanding, the reader must start out equipped at least with

a love of Horace and the desire to see the very spot where the poet enjoyed 'those nights and banquets of the gods' and where much of his best work was inspired. A brief introduction will, I hope, put us in the right mood for adventure and discovery. We shall consider some of the problems on the way, as the places that we pass call them before us. *Cantantes usque eamus*. He who is rushed for time can press his accelerator, glance at the pictures and whiz by. The rest of us are off for a leisurely walk to Horace's Sabine Farm.

E. K. RAND

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Note. — I would express my hearty thanks to my friend Professor Lugli for permission to reproduce certain views from his work. R. H. Dana, Esq., Professor Elizabeth H. Haight, G. H. Hallam, Esq., Dr. H. W. Litchfield, Professor O. F. Long, Professor G. M. Whicher, and P. S. Wild, Esq., have been similarly courteous. The full titles of various works referred to here will be found in the 'List of Books,' p. 77. If nothing is said of the source of any picture in this list, it is from a photograph by my friend Heilman, fellow-voyager and fellow-Horatian.

A Walk to Horace's Farm

A WALK TO HORACE'S FARM

Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus.

These were my day-dreams, then, a plot of land —
Not very large — an ever-bubbling spring.
Hard by the house, a garden, and around
A bit of forest. The propitious gods
Have blest me yet more richly. It is well.[1]

Horace's day-dreams were fulfilled about the year 33 B.C. by the gift of a small Sabine farm from Maecenas. The poem of which I have quoted the beginning is a kind of thanks-offering to his patron. He goes on to describe the miseries of existence at Rome from which he now is freed, and then continues:

When, country, shall I see you? When may I
With ancient books or lazy hours of sleep
Quaff sweet oblivion of a troubled life?
When shall that cousin of Pythagoras,
The bean, and salad brewed in bacon rich
Be served me? O ye nights and feasts of gods,
When I and mine about my proper hearth
Sample the meal and feed my saucy slaves.
Each guest at will drinks unconventional cups,
Released from crazy rules, whether he drain
A brave man's portion or prefer the joy
Of growing mellow upon modest draughts.

[1] This and the following passage come from the sixth satire of Book II, a pleasant picture of the poet's mind.

Then talk starts up, not about next-door farms,
Or whether Charming dances ill or well,
But real concerns, which not to know is shame.
These we discuss, whether mankind is blest
By wealth or virtue, whether we make friends
From sense of right or our own interest,
And what may be the nature of the good
And what its highest end.

Plain living and high thinking, with Nature as a constant companion — that was to Horace the value of a country estate. The place became an outward and visible symbol of his philosophy of life, that spirit of contentment with which he could make any locality seem radiant, but which he must have stored in countless casks at the Sabine Farm. No wonder that he retreated there on all possible occasions. He comes in the Christmas holidays with a box of books, hoping for a few days of undisturbed reflection. He comes in gardening-time and much to the amusement of his clientèle, wields the hoe and makes the stones fly. He stays through the summer and refuses even at Maecenas's urging, to return in September.

Many miracles, good subjects for poems, happen on the Sabine Farm. As Horace strolls one day in his grove, singing of Lalage, he meets a monster wolf, who by a courteous flight enables the poet to illustrate the principle that the pure-hearted lover can pass through any danger unscathed. A tree falls,

almost but not quite on the head of the poet, who thanks different gods, in different odes, for his deliverance, and commemorates the occasion with an anniversary sacrifice and a special series of toasts to Maecenas. In one of his walks he observes that scientific impossibility, thunder from a clear sky, and records in consequence what some sober scholars call his conversion to the Stoic faith, though it is true, rather, that the choice portions of both Stoicism and Epicureanism had long before been comfortably adjusted in Horace's discriminating creed.

He soon invested his little domain with mythological distinction. Faunus exchanges his Arcadian heights for the modest hill overlooking the poet's house, and assists him in the care of his sheep and goats. Horace himself on this occasion wears pastoral attire and woos his shepherdess in the manner of the Theocritean swain. A little spring somewhere on or near the estate is graced with an immortal ode, and from that day to this, as Horace prophesied, has been one of the noble fountains of poetry.

Spring of Bandusia, crystal-bright,
Worthy a gift of mellow wine
  And flowers too, as comes to-morrow's light
    So shall a kid be thine

Whose young horns sprouting prophesy
Both love and fights. Vain hope! Instead,

Pride of the herd salacious, he must die
Staining thy cool stream red.

Thee the dread Dog-star's burning days
Touch not. To oxen spent with heat
And ended ploughing, to the flocks that graze
Thou art a cool retreat.

Thou too with founts of high degree
Shalt hence be numbered, as I sing
How hollow ledges by the ilex-tree
Pour forth thy prattling spring.

So with that fusion of *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit* which is one of the delights of ancient poetry and ancient religion, Horace made of his little estate one of the ideal spots of all time. Horace was a poor traveller. He had seen something of the world, but he speaks from the heart and not from the fulness of mythological learning when in his ode to Virgil he calls the first navigator a criminal. He preferred to let others

Change their clime though not their hearts
And fly across the sea,

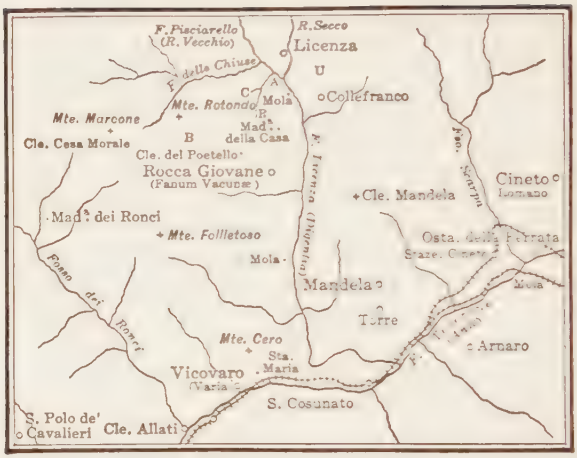
while he, ensconced in his little home, built his world about him. Reversing Goethe's precept he knew how *in der kleinen Welt eine grosse zu machen.*

II

It is of interest to inquire just where the Sabine Farm was situated. Readers of Horace's *Odes* sometimes do not care to know;

the imagination of the poet supplies material for a fairyland of their own constructing, and hunting about in the Classical Atlas is not exciting or remunerative work. But to the traveller in Italy, to one who treads those sacred places known to him only from books before, no topographical minutiae seem irrelevant. The past is enlivened in an indescribable way, for the discovery of actual sites not only gratifies scientific curiosity, but supplies new food for the imagination. The poet Byron, whom his bitterest enemy would not accuse of pedantry, equips *Childe Harold* with a set of notes not inappropriate for a manual on topography, and speaks of the contemporary Baedeker, the unctuous and inaccurate Eustace, with a vehemence that might almost be called scientific. Byron's careful notes on the site of Horace's farm make amends for his censorious, and somewhat melodramatic, farewell to the poet on the top of Soracte. Was it not topography, living topography on Italian soil, that brought him back with relish to those works which in his school-days had been a 'drill'd dull lesson forced down word by word'?

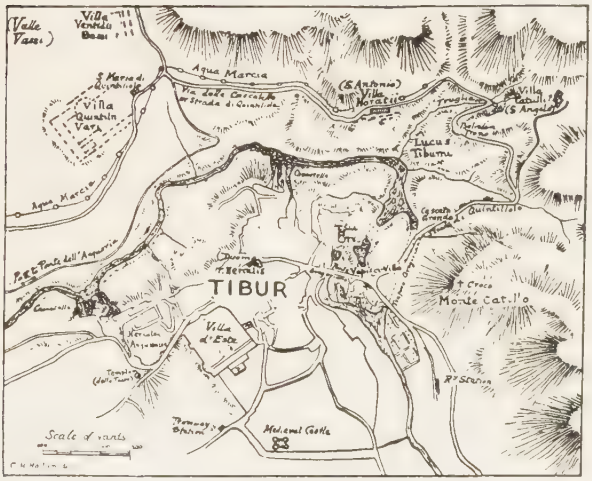
Ever since the days of the Italian humanists, who sought in all possible ways to bring antiquity to life, there have been theories as to the site of Horace's farm. Any reader of Horace's poems to-day can locate it in a general fashion.



THE SABINE REGION

First of all, it is a Sabine farm. It lies to the east or the northeast of Rome beyond Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, which is some twenty-four miles from the city. There, among other lucky Romans, Catullus had a villa, which he was careful to call Tiburtine and not Sabine; the former epithet put his estate within the pale of fashion — the latter, without it. Horace was extremely fond of Tibur, and hoped that the Fates might allow him to spend his last days there. It may well be that the Fates (in the person of Maecenas) took the hint and that Horace spent at least some of his declining years in one of the most picturesque spots in existence. In fact it may be possible to point out in a modern villa the

site of a *Villa Horatii*, which later was made over into a monastery, with a church dedicated to Saint Antonio of Padua.



MAP OF TIBUR

Such is the view of G. H. Hallam, Esquire, formerly senior assistant Master in Harrow School, who occupies the villa to-day, and who has described it, along with the Sabine Farm, in a delightful little volume now in its second edition. If he is mistaken, as some archaeologists think, it is at least a *gratissimus error*, which the shade of Horace would not desire to disturb. Whatever archaeologists may decide about the site in question, I find it hard to avoid the direct statement of Sueto-

nius in his life of Horace that the poet had a villa at Tibur as well as in the Sabine country.[1]

But we are concerned only with the Sabini farm to-day. Nor did it matter much to Horace if his one and only farm lay in the less stylish region beyond Tibur and if to the end of his days he had to climb to it on his bobtailed mule. Let us follow in his tracks.

Going along the ancient Via Valeria up the Anio (now Aniene), which, as Horace said, flows tumultuously by Tibur, we come to a promising clue in the village of Vicovaro. This is the ancient *Varia*, which must have been somewhere near the villa, for Horace says that the five farmers on his place used to go down there; it was evidently the nearest source of supplies and diversion. Not far above Vicovaro, the little stream of Licenza empties into the Aniene; it has preserved with two simple phonetic changes its old name Digentia.

From the road leading north along the Licenza may be seen on the other side of the stream the town of Mandela. Till recently it was called Cantalupo in Bardella, or Bardella-Cantalupo, but it is without doubt that Mandela whose inhabitants, Horace says,

[1] Vixit plurimum in secessu ruris sui Sabini aut Tiburtini; domusque ostenditur circa Tiburni luculum. Suetonius says *aut*, not *vel*. And what grove of Tiburnus is there near the Sabine farm?

drink the chill stream of Digentia, and are themselves all wrinkled with the cold. The Abbé de Chaupy in the eighteenth century, who was the first to study the topographical situation with care, declared that the cold fogs about the town are most penetrating, and that one day while sketching, he was seized with a sudden and most unpleasant chill. Gaston Boissier, who treats the good Abbé a bit sceptically, says that he himself went that way in the month of April about noon and

DE CHAUPY'S MAP OF THE SABINE REGION

found the place very hot. Still, that is not the best time of the year, or of the day, to see whether an Italian hill-town can be cold. The phonetic alterations in the name of the town — Mandela to Bardella — are natural enough, and constitute, in fact, a good guarantee that the word springs from a long tradition and is not the invention of some modern Horatian. Finally, the matter is clenched by the evidence of an ancient inscription, found near by in 1757, containing the name Massa Mandelana. Nobody objected when in the early eighties of the last century, the town was officially given its ancient name again.

Continuing our upward path, after crossing several small brooks which flow into the Licenza, we come to the picturesque hill-town of Rocca Giovane nearly two and a half miles above the junction of the Aniene and the Licenza. Here scholars have located a temple of Vacuna, the Sabine goddess of victory; the evidence consists in various remnants of a temple and in an inscription, which can be read to-day in the wall of a mediaeval castle in the town, and which declares that Vespasian restored the ruined temple of Victoria; Victoria is merely the Latin name for Vacuna. Now in finding a temple of Vacuna at Rocca Giovane, we have nearly tracked Horace to his lair. For in a letter to Aristius Fuscus, (*Epist.* I, 10), in which he descants on the superiority of his life as a farmer to that of his

citified friend, he winds up by saying that he dictated his message

Behind Vacuna's crumbling shrine.

The villa from which he strayed with amanuensis and tablets must have been somewhere in the neighbourhood.

We may further hedge it about with the evidence of another letter (*Epist.* 1, 16) in which the poet describes his property for the benefit of another friend.

Lest, Quinctius, you should ask if my estate
With grain or olive-berries feeds its lord,
Whether 'tis gaily dressed in fruits and fields
Or wedded vine and elm, to let you know
I'll speak diffusely of its site and shape.
Hills fringe it in, save for a shady vale,
Shady, but open to the rising sun
On its right side, while the god's hurrying car
As it retreats, warms pleasantly the left.
You'd like the tempered air. Berries and plums
Glow in the kindly brake. Ilex and oak
Supply the herd with food, their lord with shade.
Tarentum, you would say, flowered near by.
There is a spring worthy to give its name
To the whole stream. For not more cold or pure
Runs Hebrus over Thrace. Its waters heal
The unruly belly and the aching head.
This sweet retreat, aye beauteous, if you will,
In dread September keeps me well for you.

The information here given, despite Horace's promise, is not very diffuse. He makes

Quinctius ask various questions, but he does not answer them. All that we can surely infer about the vegetation on the estate is that it produced bramble-bushes and berries — enough material, perhaps, to suggest to Horace's contented imagination the luxuriance of Tarentum. Still, the reference to the spring is definite. Horace does not declare that it actually names the river, though that is a natural inference, but we may conclude at least that its waters were of decent volume and joined the Digentia near its source. Looking then for the sources of the Digentia, we find that the modern stream takes its name only after the confluence of three important brooks, the Rio Secco, the Fosso Pisciarello and the Fosso delle Chiuse.[1] As we go northward from Rocca Giovane, it is the last-named that we strike first on this side of the river. We may thus fix tentatively the outer limits of the farm: the Fosso delle Chiuse on the north, the Licenza on the east, Rocca Giovane on the south, and ranges of hills on the west. Horace's 'shady vale' lies somewhere within this enclosure.

So much information had been gathered bit by bit during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it was reserved for two Abbés

[1] See the map, page 8. I name the streams from east to west according to the designations in recent military maps. The custodian at the Villa called them Rio Vecchio, Fosso Gatta Ceca (some feline tragedy behind this name), and Fosso delle Chiuse.

of the eighteenth century, the above-mentioned Capmartin de Chaupy and the Italian Domenico de Sanctis, to locate the site more definitely at Vigne di S. Pietro, a vineyard near the junction of the Fosso delle Chiuse and the Licenza. I will refer to this as Vigne,

LICENZA FROM THE VILLA (HACKERT)

or Site A.[1] Excavations at this spot disclosed the remains of a house-wall, a mosaic pavement, a lead-pipe, and other bits. The two abbés were at swords' points, not as to the question of the site, but as to which could claim the honour of discovering it. The Frenchman's work appeared in its three volumes from 1767 to 1769: the successive editions of the Italian's book are 1761, 1768, 1784. The

[1] See map, page 8.

news spread rapidly in the north. To be sure, the discovery was not immediately 'featured,' as in our Sunday Supplements, but in 1780 — rather soon for those leisurely days — a German artist, Hackert, published ten engravings of scenes of the villa and its environs that he had painted there.

The site at Vigne was universally accepted as that of Horace's farm, till the Didot edition of the poet appeared in 1855. Noel des Vergers, the author of the excellent introductory sketch in this edition, had been commissioned by the publishers the year before to study on the spot the location of Horace's farm. In company with an Italian engineer, Pietro Rosa, he carefully went over the ground and came to the conclusion that the villa was situated not at Vigne di S. Pietro, but on a plateau called Capo le Volte, nearer to Rocca Giovane; to this I will refer as Capo, or Site B.[1] The arguments of des Vergers were set forth in one of the most charming editions of Horace ever published, a small octavo in the style of Bond. In some copies, not all, there are inserted illustrations, tiny photographs of sketches made by the landscape painter Benouville, with plans of the villa and surroundings by Rosa. This seductive presentation was supported by Rosa in technical articles, and the learned world swung over to the new theory. It was canonized by that

[1] See the map, page 8.

THE SITE AT CAPO LE VOLTE

final arbiter of topography, Baedeker, and was defended in a brilliant essay by Gaston Boissier.

This was in 1886. In the same year, Berti, an Italian engineer, published the results of excavation undertaken at Site A the year before, which proved that there was much more there than had been surmised. On reading Berti's article, Boissier admitted that the writer might have the truth on his side. Various publications have since appeared, but more important still are the recent excavations begun in 1911 under the capable direction of Professor Angelo Pasqui, assisted in the later stages by Professor Giuseppe Lugli. The work was interrupted by the War, and by the untimely death of Pasqui. However, it would seem that little remains to do. Lugli's monumental publication in 1926 re-

views the arguments of the centuries and presents in full the results of the excavations. Although Pasqui's notes could not be found, the loss has apparently been made good by Lugli's own data, and his observations. Until further digging brings something new to light, his work will remain the standard and definitive account of Horace's Sabine Farm.

NAUSICAA AT VICOVARO

Despite the accumulations of the past few years, the general appearance of the excavations has not greatly changed since a certain day in February, 1913, when I went with a little party of friends to inspect the 'shady vale' and to decide, if possible, on which of the debated sites Horace had his villa. Besides Mrs. Rand, there were Mr. and Mrs.

Richard Henry Dana, of Cambridge, and my colleague Professor William Clifford Heilman, the eminent musician, to whose skill as an amateur photographer I owe many of the views assembled here and to whom I will refer familiarly as Guglielmo. And Mr. Dana furnished me with several admirable sketches. Though I cannot reproduce the charm of that eventful day, I would now invite the reader to exercise his imagination a bit and take the

VICOVARO

trip with us anew. He must submit to a leisurely course, with plenty of argument on the way.

We take the train from Rome, third-class, of course, to Vicovaro. We cross the Aniene, on the banks of which were some Italian Nausicaa and her mates, busily washing clothes in the ancient way. On the hill at the east, the monastery of San Cosimato glitters in the sun.

WALL AT VICOVARO

Across the bridge lies Vicovaro, to which we mount by the road along its ancient wall. In the town, there are bits of ancient and of Renaissance architecture to detain the traveller, but what especially detains him is the indescribable filth of the streets. We stay

long enough to engage a carriage for the ladies. They scorn it — at least on the way to the villa — and the driver advances slowly with us, in solitary state.

MANDELA

We pursue the road — the ancient road — upward along the Licenza, which at this season of the year is running in a narrow current. Not many weeks later, the rocky beds on either side of the stream will be covered with a brawling freshet. On the other side we can descry Bardella-Cantalupo, the ancient Mandela, but we do not cross to inspect it. We can take for granted that it is cold.

Before long, Rocca Giovane comes into view, one of those picturesque Italian hill-towns which Virgil in his lyric rhapsody on the glories of his country did not forget. It

is one of those towns piled by hand on break-neck cliffs:

tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis.

ROCCA GIOVANE

On the wall going up to the castle, we examine eagerly the inscription which gives us the evidence that Vespasian restored the ancient temple of Vacuna in this place. Even the amateur in epigraphy can readily make out that 'the Emperor Caesar Vespasian Augustus, pontifex maximus, invested with the tribunicial power, censor, restored at his own expense the temple of Victoria, which had crumbled through' — something ending in ATE. The left upper tip of a V can be made out at the left of the missing part of the

stone, and there is just enough space to accommodate after it the letters ETUST. The temple had crumbled through age, as is often the case. We are tempted, as others

INSCRIPTION AT ROCCA GIOVANE

have been, to recognize the goddess Vacuna in a relief now set into a wall, but Lugli has now shown that this is one side of a tomb the sides of which pictured the four seasons. The female figure portrays Autumn, just as another is clearly that of Summer.

The peasants have a better tale to tell. Hearing the name Vacuna from learned travellers, they proceeded to dispense information about her to the next arrivals. She

was a pretty damsel — her name had become Vacona — who lived on the hill Menichella and often paid the poet a visit on his farm.

We may now look about us and consider one of the arguments adduced for the site at Capo. This clearly is nearer to Rocca Giovane — only a quarter of a mile away, whereas Vigne is a mile and a quarter. Still it is not improbable that Horace owned the entire stretch from the Fosso delle Chiuse to Rocca Giovane, if not at first, then later, at the time he wrote his *Epistles* (1, 14); for at that time he had five tenants under him, each of whom had a hearth and home. But even if what he still calls his small estate included for all its five houses only a few acres near Vigne, he might well have walked a mile or so for the purpose of dictating a letter in a picturesque spot like Vacuna with its flowering crags and crumbling temple. The famous walk of Horace's in which he encountered the wolf (or says he encountered the wolf) was not confined to his own estate. He was wandering free from care, 'past his bounds.' These romantic little extravagations appealed to Horace. He could have stood a little fatigue (with his secretary carrying the writing-tablets) to reach some one of the delightful nooks that we find at Rocca Giovane. Or if very lazy, he could have mounted his bob-tailed mule.

We take to the road again, continuously

aware that we are on the ascent. Advocates of the site at Capo observe that it lies on high ground. Horace declares that he mounts to get to his estate;

> Yours I am, Muses, yours whene'er I mount
> The rising Sabine hills.[1]

Capo, it is pointed out, is 650 metres above sea-level, whereas Vigne is only 384. But Horace is not thinking of such measurements.

UP THE ROAD TO LICENZA

He is thinking of the whole slope from the Campagna up, and of the peculiar sense of uplift that we get on our walk and that Horace

[1] Vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos. (*Carm.* III, 4, 21.)

would get on his mule. It is true that he calls his place a 'citadel,' but either place would furnish sufficient altitude for that term. He means by it a place not only high, but safe from the intrusion of that besieging foe, the bore. He may often have wished to stop off at Tibur, but the prospect of a sure retreat — no longer possible in an age of automobiles — would lend wings to the mule on the last laps of the journey.

Before long, another of the little hill-towns looms before us. It is Licenza, which we soon shall discover is not far from the villa towards the northeast. It may be seen in the last picture.

Towards the west, a less imposing hill is seen, which will prove to be Lucretilis. But we are temporarily distracted by a more charming object as we approach a bridge that spans a small stream flowing into the Licenza. Tyndaris it is, carrying on her head a basket of rural glories and, contrary to the practice of more sturdy peasants, supporting it with her hand. It may be that the photographic preparations of the excited Guglielmo have somewhat flustered her.

The little brook has only a short distance to go before it empties into the Licenza, and the culvert is not far from Vigne. That fact helps to locate the villa. Horace's bailiff, a long-suffering man, had two particular vexations, it would appear. Either he was belabouring

LUCRETILIS — AND TYNDARIS

ground that had long lain fallow or he was repairing the damage done by overflows of the stream. In a letter to him (*Epist.* 1, 14) Horace says with his easy banter:

You ply the fields long since untouched by hoe
And tend th' unharnessed ox and feed him leaves.
The river gives the lazy man a chore
When falls a freshet and the towering stream
Must then be taught to spare the sunny plain.

This definite description seems important for our problem. Rocca Giovane could hardly be touched by a freshet from the Digentia, and Capo was farther still — about three quarters of a mile from the stream. At Vigne,

ENTRANCE TO HORACE'S VILLA

the bailiff might well be kept busy not only by the Digentia but by the Fosso delle Chiuse on the north.

Not many paces more and we know that we have arrived. Near a path at the left appears a placard — not shown in our picture — labelled plainly *Villa d'Orazio Flacco.* What sceptic could further doubt? We turn up the path, preceded by a peasant and his donkey, reminiscential of the faithful animal that conveyed Horace in state up that same path to his domain.

We mount breathless (from excitement, not fatigue), and this is what we see.

HORACE'S VILLA

This is the spot of spots in the 'shady vale' that any intelligent person would select as the most beautiful and the most commodious: it is therefore the spot that Horace selected. The present view, more satisfying than any

other that I have seen, is captured by Guglielmo (who has the artistic temperament) before he quite understands from the guard that no photographs of the excavations are allowed. Before examining the latter, we may look about us to see if the topography corresponds to Horace's description.

FROM THE VILLA TO THE NORTH

We are on high land (1300 feet above the sea), and here is that sheltered valley which breaks the otherwise continuous sweep of mountains and which, though agreeably shady, is open enough to catch on its right side the rising sun and feel on its left the last beams before sundown. Too deep a valley would lose much of the morning sun on its right, or east side, and much of the afternoon

sun on the west. Horace's valley runs north and south; it is not too deep, and it gives him the kind of temperature that according to old Professor Lane he liked — not too cold, and not too hot, but just right.

Advocates of Site B make one objection, that hills do not surround A; there are neigh-

FROM THE VILLA TO THE NORTHWEST

bouring hills, but four rather extensive valleys, that of the Licenza itself and those of its three tributaries at the north. However, as we stand at A, the effect answers Horace's description exactly. The valleys start, but are soon lost to view, as the adjoining hills close in upon them. A moment ago, we were looking over the excavations due north; the hills are contiguous there. Another view (page 30),

taken (this time permissibly) from beyond the excavations, gives the same effect.

We turn to the northwest and again the hills belt us in. The hill whose lower slope appears at the extreme left, now called Colle Rotondo, one of the spurs of Monte Gennaro, is none other than the poet's Lucretilis, the general aspect of which is shown on page 27. There is documentary evidence to show that in the early Middle Ages, and perhaps in antiquity, it was known as Mons Lucretius. It is the highest of the elevations in the immediate vicinity of the villa.

This hill would amply protect Horace's goats from 'fiery summer and rain-laden winds,' especially if Faunus were there to help:

> Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
> Mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
> Defendit aestatem capellis
> Usque meis pluviosque ventos.

In fact, certain descendants of the poet's herd find the slope of Lucretilis comfortable to-day.

But although the hill is high enough to break the force of a strong wind or a storm from the west, and although it affords shady shelter on a summer's afternoon, it is not so high as to cut off from the villa the cheering winter sun, since the land slopes rapidly to the southwest.

As we look towards the south from the villa, hills are not much in evidence. They are there, including the high perch of Rocca Giovane. With or without them, the effect as

ALUMNI HORATIANI

we stand at the villa is just as Horace describes it; we lift up our eyes to the encompassing hills, even though they are only faintly discerned on the southern horizon. On the east, they come up again, though they are less imposing than on the west. On the northeast they continue till we arrive at Licenza again, and then have belted the circle.

We also, perhaps, have discovered Horace's hill Ustica, upon the sloping sides of which the smooth rocks ring when Faunus plays his shepherd's pipe:

> Vtcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
> Valles et Vsticae cubantis
> Levia personuere saxa.

This picture would seem to dispose of the idea, held by some ancients as well as some moderns, that Ustica was a valley, or a gorge. On the left bank of the Licenza, diagonally opposite Colle Rotondo, is a roundish hill with little vegetation. The bald and slippery rocks

LICENZA AND USTICA

lie exposed to the hot sun of noon and afternoon and could well give it the name of *Ustica*, 'the sun-burnt.' If Faunus sat in a shady spot on Lucretilis, his magical music would float

over the farm and wake echoes on the hill across the river. It may be seen in the view on page 34 at the right of the hill on which Licenza is perched.

Possibly we should rather recognize Ustica in the hill of Licenza. No town was there in Horace's day, and very possibly no vegetation on its slopes; from habitation would come refuse, from refuse, soil, and from soil the growth that we see on the slopes to-day. No other hill near the villa is so prominent, next to Lucretilis.

What of the vegetation on the estate itself? There was woodland, as he tells his friend Quinctius, and he wandered far into a forest beyond his bounds when he met the wolf. There are no dense woods in the neighbourhood to-day, but enough ilexes and chestnut-trees and shrubs are found, especially on the slopes of Lucretilis, to enable us to suppose the existence of such groves as Horace could metamorphose into the forest primeval.

We have seen something of the labours of that 'lazy man,' Horace's bailiff. Olives, grapes, figs, endives, mallows, fruit, grain, nuts are mentioned in the poet's works, and in his character of pastoral lover he can offer his shepherdess a whole cornucopia of the country's best. Horace does not state that one and all the articles described were grown on the farm, but it would be extremely unnatural if

they were not, for they are just about what the Italian peasant raises to-day. Olives, grapes, figs, fruit, salad-stuff, Gran Turco corn and chestnuts, the two great staples for *pollenta* and *castagnaccio*, all flourish near Vigne. Our view (page 35) shows two rustics belabouring the ground with that same bidentine instrument that Horace used to watch, and occasionally to operate, in his day. In the foreground we may also note another of the occupants — a house-mate, sometimes — of the ancient or of the modern Italian farm; like the sow that rustic Phidyle offered to the household gods, it is true to the ancient *aviditas* of its kind:

> Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
> Nascente luna, rustica Phidyle,
> Si ture placaris et horna
> Fruge Laris avidaque porca...

The task of these peasants is to cultivate their vines, which we see are 'married' to the small trees that support them, in the ancient fashion. 'Elms,' the poets called them, and we sometimes picture a vine running riotously, and evasively, to the top of some New England elm-tree. Not so; the sustaining trees were no higher than they should be. Poplars are generally in use to-day, *pioppi* or *cioppi*, as they are called. It is a most economic sort of trellis, a part of the soil itself.

But is not this very picture a proof that we

are not at the site of Horace's farm? The advocates of the site at Capo, a vineless region, so contend. Horace had no vines, they declare. For does not he say,

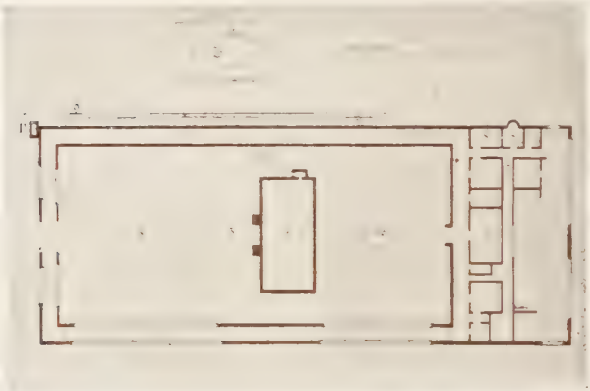
> This miserable hole will sooner bear
> Pepper and spice than grapes?

But the remark, it should be observed, is really a quotation from the aforementioned bailiff, in the poet's letter to him, and is about what a mad farmer would say who with a fresh and not too fertile soil at his disposal was engaged precisely in raising grapes. Horace bottled some wine and sealed the jar with his own hands in honor of Maecenas. Were not the grapes his own? He nowhere claims that his wine was of the first order; rather, he remarks, in a letter on his diet (I, 15):

> On my own farm, I can bear anything.
> But at the sea-side I must have a brand
> Noble in lineage and smooth.

The *vile Sabinum* which he bottled does not suggest a rare beverage. But shall we say that Horace raised no grapes at all? I appeal to the testimony of a German scholar, who with the praiseworthy thoroughness characteristic of his race, sampled the wine at Vicovaro and pronounced its taste like that of vinegar, thus proving that poor wine can be made in the vicinity of the Sabine Farm.

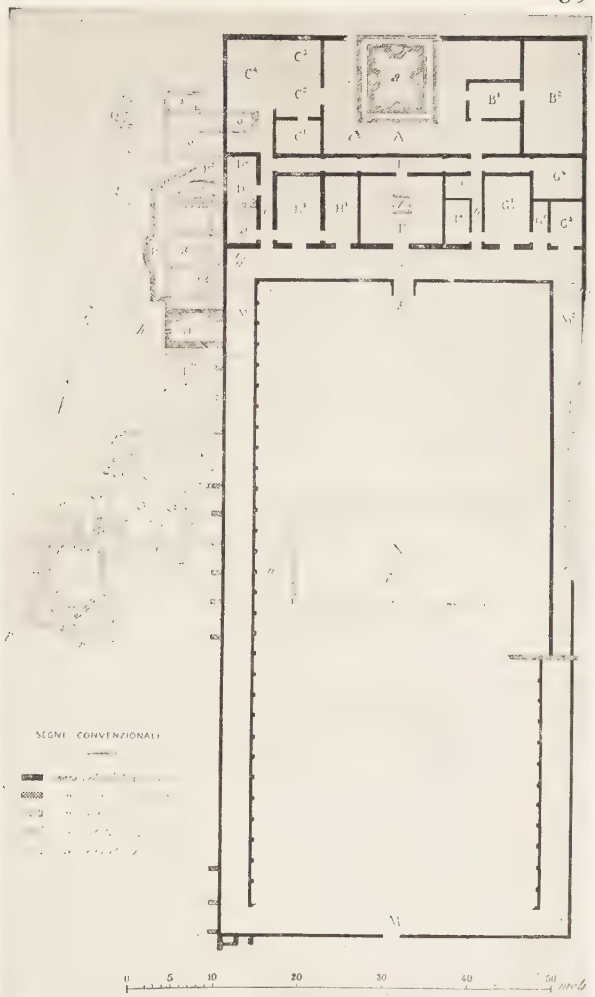
But it is time for us to inspect the excavations. Not many weeks after our visit in February, 1913, Queen Margherita visited Horace's farm. Possibly that visit had something to do with the permission given to



PLAN OF THE VILLA MADE IN 1913

publish illustrated accounts of the excavations. Such appeared, at any rate, during May and the following months, in *L'Illustration*, the *London Graphic*, *Die Woche*, and the *New York Times*. Professor Pasqui himself had made a brief statement, without illustrations, in the *Bolletino d'Arte*. The accompanying diagram shows how far the work had advanced at that time.

But this is our second visit, and through Professor Lugli's kindness, we can note the progress made since 1911. Almost all of the



Pianta della Villa di Orazio.

PLAN OF THE VILLA MADE IN 1926

unexcavated ground (shaded in the plan on page 39) has now been examined. The villa runs nearly north and south and occupies with house and garden about half an acre. It was apparently all walled-in at the north, the main entrance being at the hospitable south (M^3). We thus come at once into a sumptuous garden — 'un giardino molto vasto,' as Pasqui calls it — surrounded by a spacious *porticus*, or rather *cryptoporticus*, since it was walled in. On the outside the structure was continuous; within was a low wall, with square pillars at intervals of eight or nine feet. In the middle is a fishpond, *piscina* (about 82 feet by 40). The garden itself is about 242 feet by 115. And here we pause!

For such extravagance does not befit the *aurea mediocritas* of our poet. Did he not bewail, as a mark of the luxury of the times, those porticoes that had to be measured with a ten-foot pole? A lesser measure, say a yardstick, would be a grief of mind to one who sought the dimensions of the *giardino molto vasto* on the Sabine Farm. We are somewhat reminded of the glass-protected *porticus* of the younger Pliny, in which he would go driving on a rainy day.

Further, there are clear evidences of the hydraulic works for drawing water from the Digentia. How do these comport with the simplicity of the poet who asks, as he writes by Vacuna's crumbling temple,

Is it a purer stream
That does its best to burst lead-pipes in town,
Or that which bickers down its sloping course
With pleasant murmur?

Again, did Horace grow flowers? Here, too, the doctors disagree. He had a garden; it was among the day-dreams for which he prayed. But was it only a kitchen-garden? Roses are a necessity for the convivial occasions described in the *Odes*, and once we find the poet sipping his wine in a pergola. Some kind of posies were offered to the spring of Bandusia. But certain critics find Horace averse to flowers. How else could he have condemned the modern practice of substituting useless horticultural decoration for profitable crops?

The elm to the barren platan yields.
Violets, myrtle, bright nose-gays
Shall scatter fragrance over olive fields
Fertile in former days.

But I think that though Horace's praise of antique simplicity is sincere, it need not have interfered with his having a few flower-beds. In fact, I wonder if he wrote that ode in some comfortable corner of the *giardino*, as he looked out on a rather decent display of flowers.

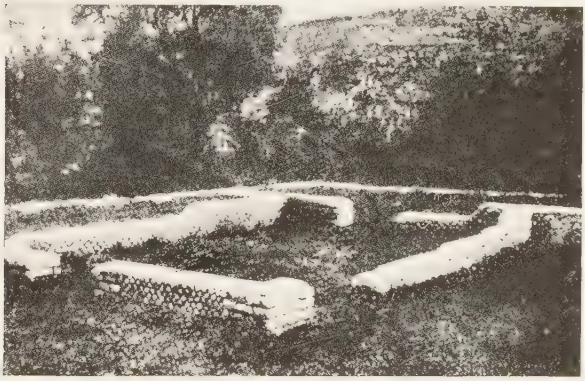
Thomson, who sung about the Seasons, said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,
At ten o'clock A.M. — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly.

It is of course possible that the big garden and its fishpond, one or both, were later additions to the original villa. Maecenas may have suggested the improvement and Horace, after many protests — many, many protests — accepted it. The character of the stonework in the *porticus*, the well-known *opus reticulatum*, bespeaks a date either contemporary with him or not much later.

Why tarry longer? Let us visit the inside of the house. It contains twelve rooms, symmetrically disposed. We mount a short flight of steps from the garden into the main atrium (P). There is another at the rear towards the north, with a fountain (a): this is perhaps a later addition. We can only guess at the purpose of some of the rooms. Very interesting

THE VILLA FROM WEST TO EAST

are the two designated by Lugli as dining-rooms, *triclinia*, one for winter (B^2) and one for summer (B^1). The latter was probably the one that Horace used most, since he generally spent his winters in the city. It was then in this tiny banquet-room, about 20 feet by 13, that he and his guests held converse on the essential things, while growing mellow on such potions as each preferred.



HORACE'S BANQUET-ROOM

The villa was furnished with a bath, though perhaps not when Horace first occupied it. Rooms D, P, R, O are part of the system, for the introduction of which Horace may have been mainly responsible. Indeed his activities with the stones on his place may refer to the construction of the bath rather than to the preparation of the soil. In the queen of his

satires, his picture of a world of fools (II, 3), he ridicules himself for having acquired among other vices, the craze for building. It may be that only part of the establishment indicated by Rooms D, P, R, O was put in by Horace; the rest may have been added perhaps at the time of Vespasian. If the *hypocaustum* that we saw in Room D in 1913 was

HORACE'S BATHROOM

not put in by Horace, then the poor man apparently had no hot bath at all. He did at one time take the cold-water cure under the

celebrated physician Antonius Musa, but that is no proof that he never touched hot water—in fact one might infer that the cold baths prescribed for Horace represented an exception, not the rule.

The kitchen, one might guess, would be near the furnace. Perhaps it was one of the rooms marked C, the others being devoted to the servants.

Various pieces of mosaic have been uncovered in the successive diggings at the villa. One sort is very simple: it is perhaps from one of the servants' rooms, unless it is the crude work of a later time.

A SIMPLE PAVEMENT

There are more elaborate patterns in other rooms, the best being that in Room G 3, which Lugli identifies with Horace's own

chamber. So this is the cool pavement on which the feet of the poet landed when he arose at 10 A.M. — but no, that is the time at which he got up in town; he nowhere states his hour of rising in the country.

HORACE'S BEDROOM

One room that must be found is the library, to accommodate the books that he tells us that he brought up from town. An attractive possibility is that marked G.

As we take a general survey of the villa again, we hardly find it, garden and all, too elaborate for the poet's need of moderation. The rooms are few and tiny: the original atrium is most modest. Horace would spend most of the day, I imagine — when he was not off for a walk or making the clods fly — in

the garden, moving from this side to that to avoid *sol acrior*, watching his fish, pulling a weed from the flower-bed, penning like Virgil, ten lines and lavishing on them

all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes.

Towards the west of the villa are some obviously later structures. Particularly impressive is a water-reservoir of some sort, erected, it would seem, in the age of the Antonines. Possibly it was a cold bath, a *frigidarium*, more probably either a *vivarium*, a more elaborate kind of fishpond than the *piscina* in the garden, or a *nymphaeum*, a pleasant sort of lounging-room with a fountain sometimes adorned with statues of nymphs. Whatever its Pagan purpose, it eventually became the crypt of a Christian church, which was dedicated to two Bishops, Saints Peter and Marcellinus, and formed part of a monastery in the eighth century.

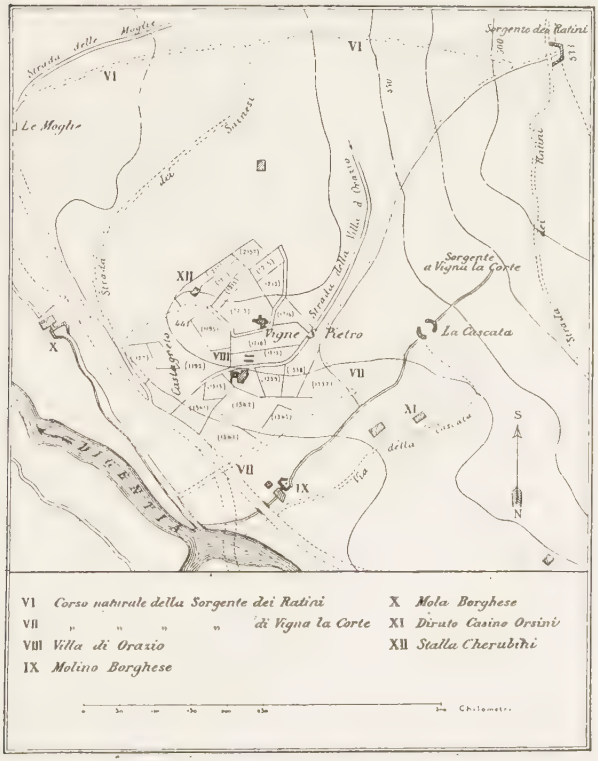
The presence of the various enlargements of later times shows clearly enough that we are standing on a spot of some historic importance. The original villa, we have found, answers to the poet's descriptions and to his desires. Some improvements he may well have introduced himself from time to time. At his death, he made Augustus his heir. Whoever the next occupant was, he would have treated the property with veneration

FRIGIDARIUM TURNED INTO A CRYPT

and probably added yet more to its comfort. It was perhaps some wealthy *ami des arts*, like Silius Italicus, who rejoiced in the proprietorship of villas of Virgil and Cicero. Successive owners would make further improvements,

which we can follow to the times of the Antonines. Lastly came the new faith. Horace's Sabine Farm was purged with the odor of sanctity and his wraith submitted to monastic vows:

> Aequam memento rebus in asperis
> Servare mentem.



THE SITE AT VIGNE SAN PIETRO

What spot in the shaded valley had a history like this? What other could have been the site of the poet's own dwelling?

But we have not yet seen the rival site at Capo de Volte and not yet paid a visit to the most sacred spot in the poet's Sabine retreat, the Spring of Bandusia. One spring, whether Bandusia or not, must be located somewhere near the house to supply it with water. Horace, as we saw, has referred to such a spring, health-giving and perennial, which he called worthy to give its name to the whole river. If this be also the Fountain of Bandusia, it must spring from porous rocks, be sheltered by an ilex-tree, protected from the dog-star's heat and near enough to the plough-land to entice weary oxen after their toil.

Now there is a spring near the house. Just above the excavations at Vigne di San Pietro, as Mazzoleni's plan (page 49) makes clear, a delightful fountain, called the Cascata, flows in various rivulets over a high and porous ledge; this was embellished in the seventeenth or eighteenth century with a semicircular stone frame-work of no little beauty, but now in sad repair. A sketch by Mr. Dana, could it have been reproduced, would have suggested, better than the following picture, the wild grace of the Cascade as we saw it.

This structure is the *Ninfeo dei Corsini*, erected by the noble family from which its name is taken. The scope of the original

THE CASCADE

hemicycle and the character of the niche for the fountain are made clear in Lugli's restorations. From the Orsini, the *Ninfeo* passed to the Borghese and other noble families, and now is owned by two residents of Licenza. For the spring has a commercial value. Its waters unite at the base, descend over a shorter fall, and then flow swiftly past the villa into the Licenza. The current of the stream has been diverted in modern times; joining the new course of the Ratini Spring, to which we shall soon come, it helps to turn a mill-wheel, that of the Molino, or Mola, Borghese, which can be found on Mazzoleni's plan (page 49). Anciently, it flowed even nearer to the villa

than at present. The stream, though smaller in appearance than any of the three brooks that join the river at Licenza, has more durability; it is perennial and they sometimes fail. The volume of its excellent water is twelve litres a second even in August and its temperature is 52° F. The *Ninfeo* is in a most sheltered part of the slope of Colle Rotondo; on a hot summer's afternoon it would be entirely in the shade.

Of course the *Ninfeo* is not a spring. That lies up on the hill. The faithful guardian of the excavations, Signor Nicola De Rossi, whose acquaintance we shall make more intimately before long and to whom Lugli pays fitting tribute, gave its name as Vigna la Corte, even as it appears on Mazzoleni's plan. But the search for it ends in disappointment. On the hill above, we find various minor springs — one is somewhat more prominent than the others — which are brought together and flow over the ledge of the Cascade through a very modern lead-pipe.

Still, what difference does it make, after all, if the stream thus accumulated has cold, wholesome and perennial water? We need go no farther than the Cascata for Horace's house-spring, whether or no it be also Bandusia. Meanwhile we have added a most important link to the chain of topographical evidence which we have been constructing. This was the spring worthy to give its name

to the whole stream. None other meets the requirements so nicely, and no other site is provided with such a spring.

There is a rival fountain, however, that we cannot overlook, and to see it we regretfully leave the villa, and regretfully allow the ladies to return to Vicovaro in the carriage. Accompanied by a youthful guide, we make our way by a rough path towards Capo le Volte. Rough it is now, but it shows vestiges of an ancient road that led from Licenza in the general direction of our quest. It takes us to the nearest important spring to Capo le Volte, the Fonte dei Ratini. The reader will find it in the upper right-hand corner of the plan on page 49 and on the right edge of the plan given on page 54.

This is held to be Horace's spring by those who locate the site at Capo le Volte; they point to its etymologically suggestive name. The name is sometimes given as Fonte degli Oratini and on the latest Italian staff map as Fonte Oratina, which forms are even more suggestive — and suspicious. Even supposing that evidence of antiquity lurks beneath this name — and traces of an ancient conduit have been discovered — it makes no better argument for Site B than for Site A. The Ratini Spring is not lacking in picturesqueness. Stolid little guide! We could get no startling information from him for all our efforts. He had not the learning of Mr. Hal-

THE SITE AT CAPO LE VOLTE

lam's escort, who conjured up tales of Frate Fracco — the monastic wraith, once more, of the late Quintus Horatius Flaccus, poet laureate of Pagan Rome.

Nor is the stream lacking in power. It pours forth three litres of cold water every second. Starting from a shaded spot on the slopes of Colle Rotondo, it flows swiftly toward the valley of the Licenza and is distinctly audible from Site A, where it joins the stream that descends from the Cascata. But an insuperable objection to locating the villa at B is that this site is a whole kilometre away from the Ratini Spring and as much higher as the top of Monte Mario is from the bottom. These conditions would either necessitate an almost miraculous hydraulic operation or make life miserable for the drawer of water, however blithely he descended to the source with an empty pail. If this fountain was that used by the house at Site B, it is not the fountain that Horace describes.

Nor may it be associated with the site at Vigne. Despite its considerable volume, it dries up in autumn, and — crowning objection — its present course is artificial. It formerly ran into the stream, over one half of a mile further down, being later diverted northwards to help supply power for the Borghese mill. In Horace's day, therefore, it could not be called near the house, if that were at Vigne, and it could hardly be thought worthy to name the river. Nor do the attractions of Ratini seem powerful and specific enough to identify it with Bandusia, if that was some other than the house-spring.

To be sure, the site may have been more striking in Horace's day than at present. It is pictured most attractively in the drawing and the description that are found in the Didot edition.

FONTE RATINI

'A DROITE,' we read, 'un vieux figuier, qui couvre de son ombre le rocher d'où l'eau sort fraiche et limpide pour former un petit ruisseau.'

Nothing changes like vegetation. There is no fig-tree there to-day. Nor can one find at either site or in the whole valley, the pine-tree that overtopped the poet's villa. So Byron, too, declared, berating his *bête-noire* Eustace and adding, 'But there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode.' We can at least imagine, then, that the oak and the ilex near the

Spring of Bandusia once flourished by the Fonte dei Ratini. If the last was identical with the Fonte Bello painted by Hackert, as set forth in Lugli's work, we can well understand why visitors to the farm in the eighteenth century should think that they could quaff the veritable waters of Bandusia. But about that delectable spot, the Fonte Bello, we shall have something to learn a bit later.

The description of Benouville's pretty picture in the Didot edition further states, 'A GAUCHE, les premières pentes du Corgnaleto, l'ancien Lucrétile et le *Fundus ad duas Casas*, maintenant Madonna delle Case.' We continue our march to the little church, along the route indicated in the plan on page 54, and enter reverently. In spite of the atrocious decoration of recent times, there are some traces of the Renaissance and of the later Middle Ages in the tiny edifice, and there is good documentary proof that in that spot there was a *fundus* called *Duae Casae* at least as early as the times of Pope Sylvester I (314–335).

From that point to Capo le Volte is, as the same plan shows, a steady ascent. Nor are we greatly rewarded for our toil. Benouville's painting is, of course, most delightful. Yet even there the beauty lies chiefly in the distant glimpse of 'les collines de Cantalupo in Bardella' with the village of Saracinesca on its height. The foreground shows 'le terrassement artificiel, où des briques mêlées

à la terre indiquent la place d'une ancienne maison romaine.' The latter are not conspicuous, and nothing yet discovered is earlier than the end of the first century A.D. Among them are bits of piping. There is a small spring at the place, with a cross-section of only two square inches. Most probably this little rivulet dries up in summer. It could hardly name a stream or inspire an ode like that to the Fountain of Bandusia.

It is nearly dusk when we arrive at Capo le Volte, and photographing is out of the question. Mr. Dana, however, draws the sky-lines east and west, with a noteworthy result.

SKY-LINES AT CAPO LE VOLTE

This is no shady valley encompassed by hills. Those in Benouville's picture are far to the southeast. On the east there are virtually none and at the rear of the villa on the west there is too much hill. Horace and his goats would be not only protected from western

winds, but shut off from the sun for nearly all the afternoon. That is a fatal objection to this side. Horace tells us that he was 'a fit body for the sun,' in which he liked to bask. He would have found a house at Capo most gloomy, and in winter virtually uninhabitable. The location is much like that of the Villa Madama on the slopes of Monte Mario, in Rome, a delightful building, which had to be abandoned. Horace could hardly tell one friend that he would like the moderate temperature at his place or say to another

> Is there a spot where winter is more mild?

if his estate had been at Capo le Volte. Perhaps further excavation may show that this may have been the site of the farm of one of Horace's five *coloni*, but it was not where the master lived.

Such is our verdict, as we think over the other objections which have occurred to us at different points on the road and which now are capped with the insurmountable argument gained by our inspection of the site itself.

As we rejoin the ladies at Vicovaro, we decide that that day shall be marked with the whitest of white stones — a day of adventure and discovery, of hope and satisfaction, of joy in the Italy of to-day, of joy in the Rome of ages past. We have tracked Horace to his lair, seen his life in his poems as never

before, found him at home, yes, in the words of Richardson's immortal parody of the ode to Pyrrha, 'found him in and found him out.'

I regale my companions with this parody, as we wait for the train at Vicovaro. Professor Lane reeled it off to us one day in his Horace class. We swore that he had composed it, but he referred us to the source — the *Harvard Crimson* for November 26, 1880, where the ever-lamented George Morey Richardson, then in his Junior year, contributed, under the name of Ion, this paraphrase of the fifth ode of Book I. To the best of my knowledge, it has not appeared elsewhere.

AD PYRRHAM

Sweet Pyrrha, maid of Harvard Square,
Dear damsel, excellently fair.
What conquest hast thou made this fall, —
What perfume-scented freshman small
Goes ev'ry afternoon to meet
Thee walking out on Brattle Street,
Eyes thee askance, and longs to sip
The honeyed nectar of thy lip?
For whom dost thou, with dainty care,
Curl, frizz, and braid, and bang thy hair,
To make more charmingly intense
Thy elegant magnificence?
Poor fellow, he believes thee true,
Unconscious what a girl can do.
Alas! full soon will he declare
That thou art false as thou art fair:

For, when he calls some day, no doubt
He'll find thee in and find thee out.
Thou hast been taught the way to flirt
For seasons three, at Mt. Desert;
And I have known thy wiles before.
For I am now a sophomore.
And, grateful to have saved my heart
From Pyrrha's fascinating art,
I've sacrificed with outlay mighty
A PAIR OF KIDS to Aphrodite.

Only one thought disturbs us, as we jog back in the train to Rome. Have we seen the fountain of Bandusia?

After that thought had rankled for a week or two, Guglielmo and I could bear the uncertainty no longer — or perhaps I should say, we seized on a pretext to see Horace again. This time we took the motor-bus from Vicovaro to the villa, accomplishing the journey in what would have seemed to the poet on his mule a celerity comparable to that of Pegasus or Triptolemus. Had we passed him on the way, we should have been the subject of an ode, possibly with a moral at the end — no, not at the end, but in the middle, with a little picture of some greedy *festinator* at the end.

On arriving at the villa, we sought the guardian, who had shown us every courtesy during our previous visit and was most attentive now. We explained that we wished to see the absolutely certain Fons Bandusiae

and asked him to decide between the Cascata and the Fonte dei Ratini. Most emphatically he declared that 'Blandusia' was neither one nor the other, but the source of a stream up the cleft of the Fosso delle Chiuse. Admitting that we could hardly find it alone, he put us in charge of a small boy — not our guide of the previous trip — named Virgilio Ricciotti. It seemed a good omen. If Virgil had conducted Dante through two of the realms of the hereafter, he could doubtless direct us to Horace's Bandusian spring. Before we started, Guglielmo requested Virgilio and his master to sit for their pictures.

VIRGILIO AND HIS MASTER

We started off hopefully and on the bridge that spans the Fosso delle Chiuse, met Tyndaris again, with Phyllis and Chloe — or

Galatea? Lydia? or Cinara, whom sober editors call the only *real* maiden that Horace loved? Perhaps it was merely rustic Phidyle and her friends — three merry Italians, at any rate, along with the Italian's best friend. None of them objected to Guglielmo's resolve to give them immortality.

NYMPHAE HORATIANAE

Before we had crossed the bridge, we stopped a moment for the view upstream, towards the west. Up on the hillside we thought we could make out the spring itself, with a prominent rock near by. It did not seem far away, and we had hardly spent ten minutes in our journey thus far. A plausible goal was in prospect.

We proceeded along the stream for about

FOSSO DELLE CHIUSE

twenty minutes when we were confronted with a marvel. No wonder that Virgilio stopped and solemnly declared: 'Ecco il Fonte di Blandusia!' Before us stood a beetling crag, of porous substance, out of the holes in which innumerable little jets were flowing — or would have flowed, had not this been the coldest day of the year. It was three degrees below zero — Centigrade, I hasten to add. Twenty-seven degrees Fahrenheit above is not a cold winter's day

GELU ACUTUM

in New England. It was cold enough to convert the rills into icicles — a rare and beautiful sight.

Here we were at last. Where could one find better *cava saxa* than here? Yet was it a spring? It was the nearest object that Virgilio with any propriety could assure us was 'Blandusia,' but on beyond at its left still flowed the spring. When he saw our uncertainty, his certainty grew less certain. 'Forse, Signori ——' We followed on. A

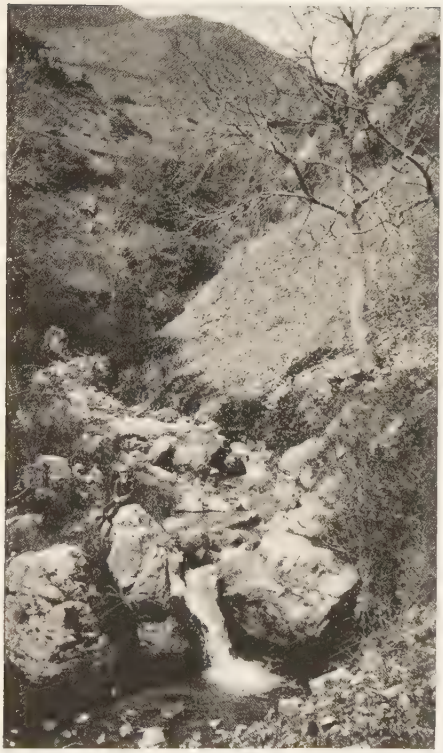
short distance up the stream was what at first sight was a spring, with its water bubbling out of porous rocks and then falling in a mass some fifteen or twenty feet. The position of the sun did not encourage Guglielmo to photograph it. About ten minutes later a small stream, the Fosso Cimini, flowed in from the left. Its source was lost to view in the hills; it hardly seemed worth exploring.

We continued our way up along the main stream through the high ravine, the slopes becoming more and more precipitous. We wondered how much farther Horace would have gone with the sacrificial kid. All along the way the rocks were adorned with icicles, and some of the lesser streams were frozen fast:

> Geluque
> Flumina constituunt acuto.

There were numerous waterfalls, that would have been springs, were not the streams plainly flowing above them.

By one of these we stopped for lunch. At the sight of the hamper, Virgilio's certainty that Blandusia had been found returned. His picture was taken by his *Fonte di Blandusia;* he bears the look of triumph that Cook must have worn on reaching the North Pole. I left him and Guglielmo to prepare the feast and scrambled up higher. I discovered another 'spring,' which dashed



VERGILIUS BANDUSIAE REPERTOR

out from a picturesque ravine. I mounted still higher to a little plateau — and on beyond the stream still tumbled down. Towards the east was a fine view of distant mountains, some of them capped with snow. How much farther? Pangs of hunger came

upon my vitals and an acute *suasoria* presented itself to my mind. To lunch or to explore? Excelsior or inferior? I made the base decision and rapidly retraced my steps. My companions had finished their portions and were casting longing eyes on mine.

We made our way back to the villa. There the guardian informed us that the real Blandusia lay at the end of the Fosso Cimini, the tiny stream that we had despised. A few moments' walk would have taken us to it. 'How long has it had the name?' I asked. 'Every since I was a boy. And now,' he added with solemnity, 'I am an old man. *Ho quarant' anni.*' He said that the fountain was surrounded with *querci* on the right and *ilici* (now called *carpini*) on the left. No sun could get in there — and he quoted Horace's ode. I asked him if it ought not to be nearer the villa, so that oxen 'tired with the plough' could reach its shelter quickly. He replied that cattle roamed all over the hills high and low.

The question of the spelling of the name occurred to me. I explained that the better manuscripts of the *Odes* read *Bandusia*, while only inferior ones had *Blandusia*, and asked which was right. He followed my exposition attentively and at the end declared in no uncertain tones, '*Blandusia.*' An authority on Romance Philology told me that had the name *Bandusia* been attached to the spring in

antiquity and had lasted through the ages, it would probably be something like *Biandoggia* to-day. *Licenza* and *Bardella* tell a similar tale. A suspicion is possible that *Blandusia* is a recent term, taken from eighteenth-century texts of the *Odes*. However, for me the case is settled. *Custos locutus est: causa finita est.*

It would appear that in the eighteenth century there were many visitors to this high and distant spring and that its name, until it was converted to Blandusia, was Fonte Bello. As such it is plainly marked on the maps of Chaupy and Hackert. I find no proof for Lugli's statement that the latter name was applied to the Fonte dei Ratini. If we failed to see it, the reader can see it now, doubtless more perfectly even than the reality, in the frontispiece to this book.

Doubts still assailed us, as we came away, for we had learned that the little stream dries up in summer. Further doubts gather in the face of the evidence that a spring near Horace's birthplace was called Bandusia. So that is what he thought of, as he wrote his ode in the *giardino vasto* of his villa; so believed Chaupy, and so believe some scholars to-day. And yet, as Boissier and others suggested, why might not the poet have applied to some spring on the farm the name of the fountain that was dear to him in his boyhood? And if so, why is not the Cascade that spring worthy to give its name to the stream, the best possi-

bility after all? Yet Mr. Hallam, agreeing with G. W. Dennis, the celebrated authority on Etruria, who searched the whole region with care, thinks that only Fonte Bello can answer the poet's description. He quotes an eloquent passage from Dennis and adds his own picture of that 'exquisitely Arcadian' spot. So again, the guardian was right.

Or was he? I do not know why these doubts recur — partly, no doubt, because of a letter kindly sent me by the writer of one of the best articles on Horace's villa, Dr. Sellin, who therein declared the Cascade 'die für die Bandusia einzig und allein in Betracht kommende Dichterquelle.' But doubting is not unpleasant. It may be irreverent, as Byron warns us, 'to trace the Muses upward to their Spring.' Now that both the North Pole and the South have been touched, perhaps we should rather be thankful that one mystery is still beyond the reach of the explorer — the Fountain of Blandusia.

We were toiling up the steeps of Licenza, to inspect the objects that had been brought to light in the excavations.

We are in its streets at last, following in the track of one of the familiar beasts of burden. A donkey can carry a very heavy load, if only it is properly balanced. I remember a patient Spanish mule who carried innumerable pieces of luggage from the Alhambra to the top of the heights beyond; the total weight was

LICENZA

heavy, but it was equally divided. Horace could seat himself in front of the burdens shown in the picture and make a considerable journey.

> Now, an it list me, I can jog
> Way to Tarentum on my bob-tailed mule
> Whose loins my trunks and I, the cavalier,
> Scrape his poor withers.

Never, I explained to Guglielmo, have the discomforts of a mule been comprised in such an epic line:

> Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques
> armos.

MULUS EPICUS

We are within the little museum, and a fascinating array of objects confronts us — architectural bits, fragments of frescoes and sculpture, coins, inscriptions, pavements, glass, stamped bricks, pins, keys, one gold ring, needles, surgical instruments, etc., etc., and one silver spoon. We looked about eagerly for one silver salt-dish —

> Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum
> Splendet in mensa tenui salinum —

confident that this would have furnished a clinching proof. Many of the objects are of later date; the spots from which they come are often uncertain. Interesting as the collection is — and the reader can get a good idea of it in Lugli's work — it is hardly of value as evidence.

I will single out a few fragments of frescoes. We can make out an eagle and two gryphons, (or is it a gryphon and two eagles?) and the figure of an orator, or more probably a poet, in action. Is this Horace, on page 74, possessed with *amabilis insania?* We hope not.

Finally, there is a collection of *amphorae*, which to most of my readers on this side of the water will have merely an archaeological interest. Just where were they found? Where was the *apotheca*, and can we point to one of these as the faithful jar to which the poet addressed the most imaginative of his convivial odes, as he beckoned it down from the storehouse to grace the visit of Messala at a feast prolonged 'till Phoebus at his coming, puts the stars to flight':

> Vivaeque producent lucernae
> Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus?

With none to answer this question, we made our way back to Vicovaro at the chill of dusk. Having some time before our train returned to the

> fumum et opes strepitumque Romae

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS (?)

and wishing to make our investigations scientifically complete, we determined to test the wine of Vicovaro. We found a primitive inn in a muddy street, where they served us

AMPHORAE ARANEARUM PLENAE

some mild, white wine, not at all of the taste of vinegar. As we drew our chairs up to the cheerful, if somewhat diminutive open fire, we felt that we were repeating history:

> Melt thou the cold, by putting generous store
> Of logs upon the fire, and Thaliarch, pour
> The kindlier Sabine, four-year wine
> Out of that big-eared jar of mine.

THE END

LIST OF BOOKS

HERE are included only a few books or articles of which mention is made in the preceding pages or to which the reader may turn for further information. An elaborate bibliography is given by Lugli at the end of his work.

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